

Hunting Blind

by Gracie

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Summary: Mulder takes care of--and plays a good-natured trick on--his temporarily handicapped partner.

Hunting Blind

TITLE: Mulder, Scully

>
AUTHOR: Gracie Kay

>
DISCLAIMER: Mulder and Scully belong to 1013 and Chris Carter, not me. Sigh. If they were mine, all of Season Seven wouldn't have happened. Oops, I shouldn't have admitted that . . .

>
FEEDBACK: Please! Please! I love it! I'm still pretty new to the world of fanfic and I need lots of suggestions, encouragement, and constructive criticism. Writing for people I haven't created is a brand new experience . . . how'm I doing? Please review my stuff!!

>
ITALICS: Denoted by the handy little asterisk (*), although one of these days I'm going to figure out how you all get around the Ever-Restrictive Notepad . . .

>
AUTHOR'S NOTE: Do you really wanna know how my "kooky" writer's mind came up with this one? Okay--it all started when I saw the movie. I love the way they just yell each other's names when they're separated and in trouble. Back and forth, back and forth, Mulder--Scully--Mulder--Scully . . . consequently, any time my sister and I play "Marco, Polo" (which I will admit is once in a blue moon), we play "Mulder, Scully" instead. This got me wondering--"what if . . .?" and eventually, this piece was born. Not intended to be read by people with no sense of humor, because I guess it is a kind of spoof. But it's not an all-out LOL-fest, either. (Did I mention I love reviews?) :)

>
~~~~~

> It was dark. She opened her eyes. It was still dark. Unconsciously her hand went to
lightly touch her eyes and met the two black patches. She sighed. She wasn't startled or confused by them; she remembered exactly what had happened. She was just frustrated.

>
 Scully thought back to yesterday's incident with exasperation.

The doctors told her she was lucky; instead of a few stray slivers of glass, the bullet itself could have hit her face. Her eyes should heal just fine, but she would have to wear the patches for almost a week.

>
 That news had made it difficult to feel grateful.

>
 She could still feel the needling pain slap at her eyes, could remember falling to the floor, blind and disoriented. And she could still hear her partner's frantic voice calling her name as he ran toward her. He had thought she was shot. For a minute, she had thought the same thing.

>
 After the visit to the hospital and the emergency surgery to remove the glass from her

>eyes, he had driven her home and fussed over her like a mother hen. At last, she told him to
please just go home and not worry; she would be fine. He finally agreed, but she could tell even

>without seeing his face that he hated leaving her alone.

> Scully wondered what time it was as she sat up and swung her legs over the side of the
bed. Her alarm was set for 7:30, so until it sounded--

>
 BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!

>
 She turned toward where the clock should be and stretched out her hands, feeling for it.

> BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!

> There was the corner of the night stand, now the clock . . .

> BEEP! BEEP! BEE--!

> She slapped the button on top harder than necessary, and then her fingers found another
button to turn the alarm off completely. Scully sighed and braced herself for the next task of the day: getting dressed.

>
 After stumbling around and probably breaking her big toe several times over, she finally

>had buttoned up an oversized denim shirt and pulled on a pair of jeans. Scully found her hairbrush and whipped it through her hair a few times, then thought about her make-up and laughed at the idea.

Finally, she began making her way precariously toward the kitchen for breakfast.

> *Knock-knock-knock-knock.*

> She froze. Who would be coming to her door this early? Mulder was at work . . . wasn't
he? She certainly was *not* answering her door with patches on her eyes--if she could even find it, anyway. Whoever it was could come back later.

>
 Then she heard the key in the lock. It *was* Mulder. The door opened and his voice met

>her ears.

> "Knock-knock, Scully. Everything okay?" Apparently, he spotted her at just that moment.
"Hey--" he reached her in a few long strides "--you eat yet?"

>
 "Um, no, I was just going to--"

>
 "Here," he interrupted, and led her to the table and set her down. "Whadda you want?"

>Eggs? Toast? Cereal?"

> "Mulder, what are you doing here?"

> "Well . . . I said I'd be back today, didn't I?"

> "Yeah, but . . . *this* early? Why aren't you at work?"

> "I took the day off."

> She knew for a fact that he had no personal or sick days left. "You can't afford to just not show up for work."

> "Ah, wrong there, Agent Scully. What I can't afford is to have my partner break her neck."

> "I'm not an invalid, Mulder."

> "You can't see a darn thing. If that doesn't make you an invalid, I don't know what does. Now, how 'bout that toast?"

> She nodded mutely, and minutes later he presented her with her breakfast. The toast was
darker than Scully liked it to be--she could taste the slightly burnt crispness around the edges. But she wouldn't have told Mulder that for the world.
>
 He was silent for several minutes, and she drank the orange juice he'd poured for her
>before venturing, "Mulder?"

> "Right here," came the answer, close enough to surprise her. "Do you need anything
else?"
>
 "Um, no . . . I just got the odd sensation that you're watching me eat."
>
 "I guess I was." She could hear his little smile, and she realized he was sitting across from her at the table. As she finished the toast, she heard him stand up. "Here, I'll do the dishes."

>
 "Mulder . . . when was the last time you washed dishes?"

>
 "Don't worry about a thing, Scully. I've got it all under control."
>
 Ah-ha, right, she thought. Trusting her kitchen to Mulder was a considerable leap of faith, but she decided there wasn't much she could do about it at the moment. She listened to the water running, listened to him put the plate and glass away . . . he actually found where they belonged? . . . and then she thought she heard his footsteps retreat down the hall. What . . . ?
>
 "Mulder?"
>
 There was no answer, and she frowned. "Mulder, where are you?"

>
 You'd better speak up, she thought. *I'm not in the mood for you to jump behind me and
>yell "boo."* But that was exactly what he was going to do.
"Mulder!"

> "Scully."

> His voice was removed by several rooms, distant, and she stood up. "Mulder?"

> "Scully," she heard again, tiny and timid. What was he doing?

> She stepped away from the table and almost tripped on the chair, but caught herself.
"Mulder, this isn't funny."
>
 He didn't answer her. Both hands outstretched, Scully began walking--or maybe that
>would be shuffling--in the direction of his voice. "Mulder . . ."
."

> "Scully."

> At last, she understood. But she wasn't in the mood for a game. "Mulder, come out
wherever you are right now--" Suddenly the humor struck her, and it was all she could do not to
>laugh. If anyone could see her right now, patches over her eyes, making her way down her own
hallway toward him--
>
 Okay, I'll play along, she thought wickedly. *And I'll catch you, too.* "Mulder."
>
 "Scully."
>
 "Mulder."
>
 "Scully."
>
 "Mulder!!" she yelled at him.
>
 "Scully!!" he hollered back, laughter in his voice.
>
 *Is playing Marco, Polo with your FBI partner a warning sign of

dementia?* "Mulder."
>
 "Scully."
>
 Ah-ha, he's in this room. "Mulder."
>
 "Scully."
>
 She sighed. He had moved again. He wasn't going to make this
easy. But at least he
>was still in the room. "Mulder?"

> "Scully?"

> Right behind her . . . she turned around slowly. "Mulder."

> "Scully!" He was laughing; he had slipped behind her again.

> *Okay, that's it.* "Mulder." She whispered it, knowing he would
whisper back.

> There was a long delay, and then his voice was right in her ear.
"Scully."

> "Ah-ha!!" she shouted victoriously, grabbing his arm so he couldn't
get away.

> He chuckled. "Did I mention you look just like a raccoon?"

> "Not funny, *Fox*."

> "Ooh, that was cruel."

> "It was supposed to be--" He started to pull his arm free, and she
let him go. "What's the meaning of coming over to my house to keep me
from breaking my neck, and then having me chase you all over the
planet?"

> "Wait till you see how far you really walked--down a hallway and
into one room."

> "Yeah, well . . ." She stopped. Banter had its place, but . . .
"Mulder, thanks."

> "For making you chase me all over the planet?"

> "No, not for that." She didn't elaborate, and he didn't ask her to.
He knew without her
explanation.
>
 "Ah, Scully?" he said as he led her back down the hallway and
into the living room again.
>
 "Yeah?"
>
 "You're welcome."
> <p><p>

End
file.